

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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LIVE IN THE PRESENT.

Live in the present, many voices call thee,
Pay to the full thy debt of blessings given;
Work in the sunshine, e'er the dark befall thee,
In love returning shalt thou find thy heaven.

Not thine the past is, even for regretting,
Nor yet the future with its hope-lit days.
Ah! listen now, and selfish aims forgetting,
Hear in thine heart the tune the present
plays.

Joy holds no guerdon for the souls that seek
her,
From hands too eager happiness will flee;
Strong souls that give their strength to help
the weaker
They know, alone, what purest peace can
be.

Mingle then freely in the world around thee,
Out unto others let thy spirit go;
Wait not till age and weariness have found
thee,
Go while the zest of life thou canst bestow.

Oh! heart of man! waste not the time in
dreaming,
Feeding with shadows souls that starve for
bread;
Up, and exchange the real for the seeming,
The path that waits thee, thou alone canst
tread.

—*Alice J. Longhurst.*

TIME THE TEACHER.

From our entrance into this world to our
exit from it we are scholars in God's great
school, and no man, however hoary with
age he may be, can say he has finished his
education and carried off all possible honors.
Our life-work is profound and endless; we
cannot shirk it with impunity. While still
only just over the threshold of the New Year,
it is well for us to ponder upon this fact.
Every hour we live we make use of knowledge
and accomplishment which were with diffi-
culty obtained. Knowledge begets knowl-
edge. How the world responds to the thrill of
the human brain and the throb of the human
heart! Yet man, who sometimes moulds
clay into forms of beauty, bores through
mountains, and bridges chasms, is apt to
become morally as a tottering infant, feeble
in grasp and nerveless in limb. While he
can defy the onrush of the wild Atlantic
waves, he too often allows temptation to
sweep him off his feet. Though he can
measure the distance and weight of the
stars, yet at times he fails egregiously in
his judgments between right and wrong.
He builds towers that touch the clouds and
catch heaven's lightnings, but fails to soar
spiritually to heaven's eternal sunshine
and look down upon the storms and ragings
of mortal strife.

What a fine New Year's aspiration is
that of the Psalmist of old: "So teach us
to number our days, that we may apply
our hearts unto wisdom!" It is strange
that so many men and women should
seem to think their education is at an end.
They rest on their oars, nurse their dis-
orders, and allow the precious time to slip
away unredeemed. Time teaches us that
nothing which is not moral has any real
worth. Energy and resource spent on im-
moral ends are wasted, and result in a curse
to mankind. If power does not further
the interests of right, of what use is it?
What good is wealth if it is used for the pur-
pose of oppression? Legislation is evil if
it does not help virtue to prosper; and
human "development" would be farcical
if it did not secure greater freedom and

keener sympathy. Time is ever teaching us the value of moral worth; but prejudice and self-interest deceive us, and render us unable to reject all power which is not love, all happiness which is not righteous, all conquests which are not spiritually justified.

As we look back upon the mistakes and omissions of the past, we have feelings of humiliation and regret. We think of what the world *might* have been had all men and women seriously and wholeheartedly striven to reach their highest ideals. Human thought has been far too centred upon the material things of earth. On the lower plane men's achievements have been godlike; while on the higher plane they have abused their heritage and neglected their opportunities. In view of the centuries of experience and of the various incentives to thought, it should have been utterly impossible for men to have engaged upon this gory warfare which has turned the fair fields of Europe into revolting shambles. Men can cultivate the briar rose into a thousand forms of ravishing beauty; they can domesticate through long years the wild, savage wolf until he becomes their friend and co-worker the dog; they can so guide the inherent qualities of the sour crab-apple that it gives birth to all the luscious varieties of fruit which adorn our tables and tempt our appetites. Yet, though the prophets and the Christs of history have plainly and eloquently shown men the path that leads to true and lasting nobility of life, they have not yet learned steadfastly to walk in it; nor have they yet realized the beauty and surpassing value of that fraternity of souls which finds its full meaning in the light of God's fatherhood.

However, we have turned over another page in the Book of Life, and have begun to write down the history of another year. It would be foolish to allow the past to depress us, for it is more helpful to look into the future with courage and hope than with fearful presentiments that this year will prove no more satisfactory than the last, and that a Fate over which we have no control sports with us and mocks at our best endeavors. Both religion and science agree that progress is in the natural order of things. There may be backwashes here and there, but the main current of human life becomes ever broader and richer down the years as it speeds on towards the mighty ocean. We must not lose heart. Right is more than beginning to obtain command over might, and the recognition of the fact that by virtue of birthright all men are free is becoming universal.

At the beginning of the New Year it is desirable for us to consider what it is we are aiming at; what we reasonably hope to accomplish; what the fundamental principles are on which the truest and richest life can be built. There is no better spot from which to start than home. If we could but attain to perfection there we should not find much that was wrong in the world. The education of the young, both at home and at school demands our prayerful attention, in order that we may one day transfer our swords and bucklers to the strong arms of our children with complete confidence. Then, too, there are all our other obligations in the larger world. The ideal has not yet been reached in social, national, and international concerns. How sad it is to think that many millions of money, in addition to appalling numbers of lives, have been wasted in destructive war, which might have been so wisely spent upon the social and moral development of the people. If the hands of the clock have not been put back, they have at any rate been temporarily stopped.

The national and international aspects of this question are continually before us, and men and women are dreaming of and praying for that good time when human relationships shall be in accordance with God's will, and the nations all realize that what is for the truest welfare of them all must also be the best for each. So we would venture to say that next to the home the church counts as the most powerful factor in the formation of high and noble character. There men and women meet together as children of the Highest, learn what he requires of them, feel the breath of his Holy Spirit upon them giving them ambition and insight and courage, and making them feel how absolutely essential to perfect manhood and womanhood is an atmosphere of peace and good-will. Let us therefore go forth to the unknown experiences of this New Year, joining hands with one another so harmoniously and fraternally that at its finish we may have rendered help to many needy souls, strengthened faltering steps, infused great aspirations and unflagging hopes, and in many other ways shown that not only had we ideals, but also determination to endeavor to attain them.—*The Christian Life.*

"Nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."

—J. A. Garfield.

THE STILL HOUR.

The night its dusky silence spreads around me;

The day is done, and darkness on me falls;
A calmness, deep and vast and still, surrounds me;

Unto my waiting soul the silence calls.

Safe in thy keeping, Lord, I rest; nor longer
Strive with unrest, unhappiness, and pain.
My weakness, Lord, through Thee but makes
me stronger
To rise and fight, to fall and rise again.

Into my spirit enter, Thou Most Holy,
Abide within, though foes are all about;
Oh keep me pure and gentle, meek and lowly,
At peace within, though foes be thick without.

Thy peace, dear Lord, into my bosom stealing,
Allays all pain, and soothes my fevered soul.
O Love Divine! New life, new hope revealing,
Thy healing balm has made my spirit whole.

—Walter S. Swisher.

God of the years, our Heavenly Father,
whatever the message of the old year may
have been, whether of darkness or light, joy
or sorrow,—we stand this morning waiting
expectantly and confidently for some mes-
sage with glad tidings. May we therefore
enter upon the New Year in the mood of
hope and good cheer,—brushing from our
faces every sign of care, let us go forth into
the New Year with the spirit of a child who
puts his hand into the hand of a Father to be
led into a field where the flowers blossom and
the birds sing. Not for to-day only do we
pray for sweetness and light, but let us be
glad and happy every day. Thou art with
us to-day,—Thou wilt be with us through
all the journey of the year. May our own
daily gladness be born of the conviction that
Thou art always near. Amen.

—George L. Perin.

Through love to light! oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness into perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! through light, O God,
to thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of
light!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs.
W. E. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in
the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking
"Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending
it, else the person who requests it may receive several
copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a
book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying
that you have sent it. When you receive more requests
than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be
printed here.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following
books. Apply to Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell
Street, Cambridge, Mass. "The Light of
Asia," Edwin Arnold; "The Middle Ages,"
Myers; "From Broom to Heather," Charles
Francis Bareard; "Life and Genius of Shak-
speare," White; Hammersmith's "Harvard
Days"; "Hymns of the Ages"; "This
Goodly Frame the Earth"; "A Life for Lib-
erty" (anti-slavery); "All's Right with the
World," Newcomb; "Queen Hortense";
"Notes and Recollections of an Englishman
in Paris"; "Theodore Parker," John W.
Chadwick; "Life of Robert Southey";
"Sarah and Angelica Grimke," A Biogra-
phy; "William Ewart Gladstone."

The Brighton Branch offers the following
list. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Ap-
pleton Street, Coolidge Corner, Brookline,
Mass. "Elements of Natural Philosophy,"
Elroy M. Avery, Ph.D.; "Le Roi des Mon-
tagnes" and "La Mère de la Marquise,"
Edmond About; "Der Fluch der Schön-
beit," Thomas; "Minna von Barnhelm,"
"New Latin Composition," Moses Grant
Daniell; "Elements of French Composi-
tion," J. Home Cameron, M.A.; "Practical
Method of Teaching the French Language,"
G. de Lestrude; "Aventures de Trotina,"
with notes intended for children, L. Gaborit;
"English-Deutsches und Deutsch-English,"
Taschen; "Wörterbuch von Dr. Friedrich,"
Röhler; Baedeker's "Great Britain"; "Tag,"
Valomer Patriarche; "The Green Gate,"
Ernest Nechert; *Harper's*, 1916; "Abbé
Constantine," Ludovic Halévy; "The Elev-
enth Hour," Maud Howe; "As We Were
Saying," Charles Dudley Warner; "Al-
brecht," Arlo Bates; "John Ward, Preacher,"
Margaret Deland; *Good Housekeeping*, 1916;
"Ships That Pass in the Night," Harraden;
"Leddý Marget," L. B. Walford; "Things
Will Take a Turn"; "Drummond's Ad-
dresses"; "Marion Berkeley," Laura Cax-
ton; Dictionary; "The Deserted Village,"
Goldsmith; "English Grammar," Metcalf;
"Places and People," Jules Luquiens; Otto's
French Conversation Grammar; "A Hoosier
Chronicle," M. Nicholson; "American Com-
prehensive Arithmetic," Bailey.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

FOR BIBLES, EITHER FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, APPLY TO MRS. LAURA HALLETT, 37 PINCKNEY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

FOR SCRAPS FOR PATCHWORK, FOR REQUESTS, OR FOR OFFERS, TO MRS. CAROLINE E. DAVIS, 548 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, LEXINGTON, MASS.

FOR MUSIC, FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

REQUESTS.

1. I am a "shut-in" friend,—never able to do much work. I live in a little town which suffered great losses from the flood of July 16, 1916. Vegetation was completely swept away. Drifts of heavy and small timber and sand-bars are all to be seen along this river; and some houses and all bridges were washed away. I should like to get some books and papers for my children to read,—ages of children are fifteen and eight—both girls; any books or papers would be thankfully received. Also would some friend send me *Popular Mechanics* for my husband, after it has been read? I refer you to Rev. A. T. Pardur, Roaring River, North Carolina. Address Mrs. W. G. Church, Roaring River, North Carolina.

2. Mrs. Martha N. Smith, Campbell, North Carolina, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and a Bible. Address R. F. D. 1, Box 47.

3. I am a young mother with one little girl one and one-half years old. We live in the country, and my husband is away at work most of the time. I should greatly appreciate anything to read or any pieces for patchwork, as I am not very well and should be glad to receive anything to pass the lonely hours. Address Mrs. Vester Allen, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. 3.

4. Mrs. G. W. Martin, Jr., Whitakers, North Carolina, Route 1, has just started a library for her school and asks for any standard novels; also a crochet pattern for a bedspread will be appreciated.

5. Miss Mattie L. Sale, Roaring River, North Carolina, asks for "Little Black Sambo," Van Dyck's "The Blue Flower," and Leiper's "Language Works in Elementary Schools."

6. I should like "The Life of Christ" and other books to read, as I am not very strong and get very lonely. Should also like pieces for patchwork. I have a sister, Mrs. H. C. Lackey, of Dodson, Virginia, who has four little children, three boys and a baby girl. She would be very grateful for reading matter; also picture books for the children. Address Mrs. C. W. Pendleton, Elamsville, Virginia.

7. Mrs. Jesse Carpenter, Peachland, North Carolina, living on a farm in a lonely place, asks for reading for herself and husband.

8. Mrs. Mary Heckard, Waldrom, Arkansas, is in a new home, having moved from Buffalo, Kansas, and asks for reading and quilt scraps.

9. I want Harold Bell Wright's new book, "When a Man's a Man," and his "That Printer of Udell's"; also Gertrude Amelia Proctor's "Gleams of Scarlet." Can you have them sent to me? If I could borrow them to read, I would send them wherever you say. Address Miss Fannie Wertz, Aria, Floyd County, Virginia.

10. Mrs. J. E. Hinson, Monroe, North Carolina, Route 3, the mother of eight children from eleven years to six months, will appreciate anything that will help or amuse the children. She has lately lost everything by fire and is especially desirous of a Bible with space for the family record.

11. Mrs. Gertrude Bright, Roosevelt, Oklahoma, R. 3, lives out in the country and has three children, seven, five, and three years old. They are on a rented farm and cannot make enough to buy the reading they would like, and so she appeals to the *Cheerful Letter* readers for picture books for the three little girls, and *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Cosmopolitan* for herself.

12. Mrs. J. A. Staton, Sandidges, Virginia, R. D. 2, Box 16, will be glad of light reading.

13. It has been some time since I wrote to the *Cheerful Letter*, and I wish to thank all who remembered me in any way in the last year, as many sent cards and other remembrances without any name. I should like to receive two books: one is called "Freckles," the other "The Girl of the Limberlost," both written by Gene Stratton-Porter; in fact, I should like any of her works except "The Harvester," which I have already. I should like also to receive cotton and woollen scraps

for quilts, or some spools of bright-colored silk for fancy work, as I am never able to do heavy work or much walking work, and winter is almost here when I must stay shut in the house for weeks at a time. So I shall be very glad to receive anything to help me pass the time pleasantly. I do wonder what we poor, lonely shut-ins would do without our dear *Cheerful Letter*. Am sure I do not know. Address Mrs. Lizzie Town, Buffalo, Kansas, R. 2.

14. Mrs. Joseph E. Broadway is moving to Oakboro, North Carolina, and asks for reading, and picture cards for her little girl of six.

15. Mrs. F. E. Atkins, Moclips, Washington, asks for reading for her family, consisting of husband and four children, two boys fifteen and fourteen, and two girls eleven and seven years old. They live where they do not have the advantage of a library and will appreciate good literature.

16. Mae McAlexander, Fayerdale, Virginia, a little girl of thirteen with four sisters and two brothers, will be glad of any reading.

17. I should appreciate any good book or magazine to read. Should like to have "Pollyanna"; also scraps for patchwork. I live in the country with my father and mother. Address Miss Fannie Marley, Garland, North Carolina, R. 1.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Miss Edith G. Pecker is now at North China Union Language School, Peking, China.

Mrs. E. M. McNabb from Grizzly Bluff to Sebastopol, California, care of H. H. Kelley, Route 4.

NOTICE.

Please take notice that all letters for the Book Club must be in the hands of the secretary by the first of the month previous to date of publication, also written in ink and on one side only of the paper.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

MORAL SUASION.

(Concluded.)

Reggy's method of getting his own way was different from his sister's. He did not argue, he defied, and, when contradicted, flew into a passion. One day he rushed in, heated and angry, with a complaint against

Richard, the coachman, a steady, elderly man who had lived with Miss Lavinia for many years.

"He won't let me ride Jerry," he explained, spluttering with anger. "I told him I would, and he said I shouldn't. He didn't reason a bit with me, aunty: he just said I shouldn't. I told him you said we must be convinced before we minded, and he said he didn't care a red cent if I was convinced or not, but on top of his horses I shouldn't get till he had the missus's orders to let me. Did he have any right to call them his horses, aunty? They're yours, aren't they? Won't you please scold Richard, and make him let me ride?"

"O my boy, on that great Jerry, who isn't a saddle horse at all! I really couldn't have you try to ride him. He would certainly throw you off. Think about it a moment, and you will see that it would be most unwise and dangerous."

"I won't think!" cried Reggy, passionately. "All the thinking in the world wouldn't make me not want to. I do want to, and I will!"

"Reggy, is that a nice or polite way to speak to me? I am"—

"You're not mamma," sticking his tongue out at her.

"No, I am not mamma. But I am an old lady and your aunt, and when you reflect"—

"Bother reflection!" shouted Reggy, in a fury. He raced back to the stable, and told Richard that aunty didn't say he mustn't. But this mild form of permission made no impression on tough old Richard.

"The missus can do as she likes," he remarked. "But, till she comes out and orders me herself, on top of my horses you don't go, young master."

Young master, much enraged, made further complaint to Miss Lavinia, and, though she did not say so, I think in her heart she was most thankful to Richard for his firmness; and Reggy, much against his will, was compelled to give up the pleasure of breaking his neck by a fall from Jerry's tall back.

Two months went by, things gradually growing worse and worse. The servants were kept in a continual fret. There were always the print of little shoes to be seen in forbidden places; the flower-beds were torn and trampled; the gravel walks showed that Jack or Archie had been digging holes against advice. Mary Anne, the cook, said that "everything from garret to cellar was all topsy-turvey, it was. It wasn't like the same house, it wasn't; and, if the father and mother of them tiresome children weren't

coming back in June to take 'em away, she'd be going down to Boston to look for a place, she would, for all she'd lived with Miss Masters thirteen years."

One day, early in October, Miss Lavinia has occasion to go to Boston for a day on business. She put the children on honor to behave well during her absence, and they all promised very fairly. After so much annoyance at home the little expedition seemed quite delightful to her. She saw some good pictures, had a talk with her lawyer, met a friend or two, did some shopping, including the purchase of a present for each of the children, and lunched at Parker's. Altogether she enjoyed herself, and took the afternoon train for home, feeling quite rested and refreshed by her short holiday.

Meantime at the "Shoe" matters had gone badly. Miss Lavinia's start was rather a sudden one. So it was not till she had left for the early train that a message came from Miss Grace, saying that her mother was ill, and she should not be able to come that morning.

"Hurrah!" shouted Reggy. "No old lessons, that's first-rate! My! I'm glad aunty didn't know before she went. She'd have done something or other to keep us from playing."

"Let's go fishing," said Archie.

"Yes, in a boat," added Jack. "I can row it."

"Pshaw! you can't row a boat: you're only a little boy," remarked Matty, disdainfully. "I won't go in a boat, anyway."

"Nobody asked you, miss," retorted Jack; while Reggy put in, "Jack ain't going to row the boat: I am. And you needn't come if you don't want to, Matty."

"Boat, indeed!" cried Nurse, scandalized. "I'm not going to have any of you going out in boats, and tipping over, and getting drowned. You ought to be ashamed of putting such ideas in your little brothers' heads, Master Reggy."

"He didn't put it in: I said about the boat my own self," bawled Jack.

"Well, whoever said about it, you ain't going!"

"Yes, we are," they all cried in chorus. And the boys set out at a full run for the little pier where Miss Lavinia's row-boat lay.

But Richard had been beforehand with them. Overhearing the discussion, he had walked quietly down, padlocked the chain by which the boat was moored, and taken away the key. So, before Nurse, with the baby in her arms, could reach the pier, she met the boys running back, and furiously demanding the key. Richard had wisely

disappeared, and no one else knew where the key was.

"I don't care," said Reggy. "I shall just cut the chain with my knife, and then we'll go." He spent much time sawing at the chain, but with no other effect than blunting his knife.

The twins meanwhile perched themselves on the edge of the pier to watch the operation, and, getting into a dispute, Jack pushed Archie off into the water. Fortunately, the tide was low, so he was not out of his depth; but he got very wet, and, what was worse, Nurse captured him, took his clothes off, and made him go to bed.

"It's a comfort to have one of 'em safe," said the much-trying Sarah. "I declare, if I live till Miss Masters gets home, it's as much as I expect to do."

It was indeed a trying day, not only to poor Nurse, but to every other grown-up person at the Shoe. Jack got hold of the knife, after Reggy had hacked at the boat-chain till he was tired, and employed it to cut down a quantity of fine chrysanthemums just in flower. Then he disappeared; and, when Ellen, the waitress, went in to lay the cloth for dinner, she found the front of the beautiful old sideboard adorned with the word J. A. C. K. cut into the mahogany, in jagged, uneven letters, four inches long. Ellen's scream of dismay brought the other servants to the spot; and, while they were still exclaiming with horror, Jack slipped out, and a crash from the parlor announced further trouble. He and Reggy had got to fighting over the knife, and Jack had knocked a chair against the big looking-glass and broken it all to pieces.

"I declare, it's like wild beasts they are," said Mary Anne, as she locked the parlor up to prevent further mischief. "What will Miss Lavinia say?"

Miss Lavinia had ordered a peach dumping for their dessert as a treat. The boys insisted on having three helpings, and this overdose of sweets made them unusually fractious.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll build a bonfire," said Reggy. "I haven't seen one bonfire this year,—not one," in a wronged tone.

"So we will," echoed Jack.

Presently James, the gardener, coming across over the lawn, found them heaping a big pile of twigs and boughs together under a magnolia tree.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"Don't meddle with it: it's our bonfire," said Reginald.

"A bonfire! right under that tree the

missus is so fond of! Why, you'd scorch and spoil it so it'd never be fit to see again. This ain't no time for bonfires, Master Reggy. I can't allow any such doings." And, despite Jack's vociferations, James coolly collected the bonfire into a wheelbarrow and carried it off.

Reggy watched him go; and then, after thinking a little, he whispered to Jack, and they started away.

It was about an hour after that that a great flare of light and a series of shrill screams called everybody to the west end of the house. As that angle of the lawn was screened from view by a couple of large evergreens, it had occurred to Reggy and Jack that a bonfire might be built there with little chance of interruption. They had placed their brush so near the wall of the house that, at the first blaze, the wistaria vine which grew over it had taken fire; and, in less time than would have seemed possible, the cornice caught. A scene of confusion followed. Richard, on a ladder, was pouring pailfuls of water on the roof. James, with the garden hose, was squirting at the smoking wistaria. One of the evergreens caught fire and blackened and smouldered. The maids were screaming, the boys dancing with excitement; and, just when the noise and bustle were at their height, and the smoke at its thickest, Miss Lavinia drove in at the gate.

"What has happened?" she gasped. Mary Anne, holding tight the half-frantic Jack, who with his smutty face and clothes looked like a little chimney-sweep, began to answer; but Miss Lavinia did not listen. She had jumped out of the carriage, and was throwing water on the evergreen, which was burning unheeded,—the beautiful golden yew, pride of her heart, which she herself had planted twenty-eight years ago.

"Now," she said, when at last the danger was over, and nothing remained to be done but to watch the charred places and make sure they did not blaze out again, "now tell me, if you please, how this happened!"

"Master Reggy was determined to have a bonfire," said James. "He wanted to build it yonder, under the magnolia, ma'am; but I told him he shouldn't, and took away his sticks. Then he went and got them, on the sly, and built it here."

"What business had you to tell us we shouldn't?" shouted Reggy. "You're only a servant, and even aunty doesn't say shan't to us!"

"Deed, thin, it's a pity she doesn't, unless it's wanting to be burned in her bed she is," muttered Mary Anne.

"We only meant to have a little fire; but, when that old James ordered us, we just built a big one, on purpose to spite him," explained Reggy. "We didn't mean to burn the house, aunty."

Miss Lavinia listened, bewildered, turning from one to the other.

"And, indeed, Miss Masters, unless something can be done to make it different, none of us can stay in the house," said the irate cook. "There's Miss Matty, she just come into the kitchen, this morning, as I was seasoning the soup, and she caught the salt-box right out of my hand, and threw a great lot of it into the custard, which was making for to-morrow; and it's all spoiled, it is!"

"I thought it was sugar," explained Matty, who had now joined the group on the lawn. "Mary Anne never makes things sweet enough, aunty; just because you said once that sugar creates fat, and you'd rather have us have muscle. I don't want muscle, and I love sugar"—

"Master Jack broke the big looking-glass," said Ellen.

"Yes, and he's cut the sideboard with his knife, and spoiled it entirely," put in Mary Anne.

"And he pushed Archie into the water; and he'd have been drowned if the water'd been a little deeper," said Nurse. "Indeed, Miss Masters, I hope you'll not go away again and leave us with them. It's not safe, ma'am."

Surprise, horror, astonishment, had kept Miss Lavinia quiet up to this point. In fact, there had been little chance to speak, so fast and furiously did the explanations pour upon her. Now she was thoroughly roused. Theory, principle, were all forgotten. The natural woman asserted herself. Seizing on Matty first, who stood nearest to her, she boxed her ears soundly. Then, pouncing on Reggy, she shook him till his teeth rattled, and, capturing the stupefied Jack, repeated the performance with him. Then, in a voice which none of the children recognized as coming from their mild, reasonable aunt, she sternly said: "You naughty, bad, disobedient children! I wouldn't have believed it of you! How dare you act so and speak so! Go into the house this moment, and to bed without a word. To-morrow I shall have something further to say to you."

Completely cowed, the little culprits crept away into the house.

"I am very, very sorry," continued Miss Lavinia, turning to the servants,—“very sorry, indeed, that you should have had so much trouble. Things shall be altered: the

children shall be kept in better order in future. Now go in, and let us have tea as soon as you can, Mary Anne. To-morrow, we will try to straighten things out again."

From that day there was a different order of things at the Shoe. Having once broken through her principles, Miss Lavinia found it the easiest way to keep on breaking through them. Not that she punished the children severely or often; but she gave them to understand that they must obey her, or face a penalty, and, that point once settled, things went on more smoothly. It was astonishing how much fonder of her they seemed to grow. "Aunt" now took her rightful position in their eyes, no longer their victim, but their best help and kindest authority, the granter of favors and dispenser of benefits. It was some time, of course, before this pleasant state of things was established. There were bad days and good days, but, little by little, the small unruly troop came under discipline; and the last part of the Hazard children's visit to the Shoe was quite different from the first, and a great deal more agreeable to all concerned.—*Susan Coolidge.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A DOG'S DEVOTION.

We have received the following touching story of a dog's devotion from a good friend in Paris, who is interested in the American Hospital for the wounded there:—

Here is a war story of a dog that may interest you for the *Animals' Friend*, as it is perfectly authentic. I got it from a friend who is acting as nurse at the American Hospital for the wounded here in Paris, and the dog is now at that hospital, or was at the time the story was told to me. The dog belonged to a soldier who was wounded, and who fell in mud so deep that he was almost buried by it. His dog thereupon scratched the earth away and freed his master, who was, however, unable to rise. The dog, seeing him wounded, licked the wounds, and, according to the surgeons, this prevented gangrene from setting in. For two or three days the wounded man lay on the spot where he had fallen, but the dog, by incessant barking, finally attracted the attention of the Red Cross assistants, and his master was thus saved.

He was first taken to the hospital of Aubervilliers outside of Paris, and the dog followed him. After a few days at the hospital it was decided to send him to the American Hospital in Paris, but he was told that his dog could not go with him. He pleaded with

the authorities to allow him to have his dog, but in vain, and a lady connected with the hospital at Aubervilliers said that she would take charge of the dog until such time as his master was in a position to receive him again. The dog stayed with the lady for two or three days at Aubervilliers, but was so melancholy at the separation from his master that he would eat nothing, and the lady, seeing that he would undoubtedly starve to death, finally got permission from the authorities to allow him to be sent to the hospital in Paris. When once he had arrived at the hospital, and had seen that his master was being cared for, he became perfectly contented, and began to eat again in a normal way.

He was kept in the lower part of the hospital, and only allowed to see his master once a day for a few minutes, but he understood perfectly the situation, and lived quite contentedly sleeping under the table in the room that had been assigned to him, knowing that his master was receiving proper care, and that he could see him once a day.

There seems to be no doubt that from the time the soldier was wounded the dog understood everything that was taking place, and rose to the situation.—*From The Animals' Friend.*

CLEVER DOG!

Fritzi Scheff is fond of dogs, and tells the following pretty story, apropos: "An old lady rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa a large dog also went. In the sitting-room of the villa there was a very comfortable arm-chair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing. But, alas! she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog. Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared it might bite her; but instead she would go to the window and call 'Cats!' Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He strolled over to the window, and, looking out, appeared very much excited, and set up a tremendous barking. The old lady rose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter, and the dog quietly climbed into the chair."—*The Rochester Herald.*

"Not how much talent have I, but how much will to use the talent that I have, is the main question. Not how much do I know, but how much do I do with what I know."

—*W. C. Gannett.*

THE CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE GRAND FEAST.

She gave them some tea without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

—*Nursery Rhymes.*

Lady Harriet Graham was an extremely thin, delicate old lady, with a very pale face and a sweet gentle voice, which the children delighted to hear, for it always spoke kindly to them, and sounded like music after the loud, rough tones of Mrs. Crabtree. She wore her own gray hair, which had become almost as white as the widow's cap which covered her head. The rest of her dress was generally black velvet, and she usually sat in a comfortable arm-chair by the fireside, watching her grandchildren at play, with a large work-bag by her side, and a prodigious Bible open on the table before her. Lady Harriet often said that it made her young again to see the joyous gambols of Harry and Laura; and when unable any longer to bear their noise, she sometimes kept them quiet by telling them the most delightful stories about what had happened to herself when she was young.

Once upon a time, however, Lady Harriet suddenly became so very ill that Dr. Bell said she must spend a few days in the country, for change of air; and accordingly she determined on passing a quiet week at Holiday House, with her relations, Lord and Lady Rockville. Meanwhile, Harry and Laura were to be left under the sole care of Mrs. Crabtree; so it might have been expected that they would both feel more frightened for her, now that she was reigning monarch of the house, than ever. Harry would obey those he loved if they only held up a little finger; but all the terrors of Mrs. Crabtree, and her cat-o'-nine-tails, were generally forgotten soon after she left the room; therefore he thought little at first about the many threats she held out if he behaved ill; but he listened most seriously when his dear sick grandmamma told him, in a faint weak voice, on the day of her departure from home, how very well he ought to behave in her absence, as no one remained but the maids to keep him in order—and that she hoped Mrs. Crabtree would write her a letter full of good news about his excellent conduct.

Harry felt as if he would gladly sit still without stirring, till his grandmamma came back, if that could only please her; and there never was any one more determined to be a good boy than he, at the moment when Lady Harriet's carriage came round to the door. Laura, Frank, and Harry helped to carry all

the pillows, boxes, books, and baskets which were necessary for the journey, of which there seemed to be about fifty; then they arranged the cushions as comfortably as possible, and watched very sorrowfully when their grandmamma, after kindly embracing them both, was carefully supported by Major Graham and her own maid Harrison into the chariot. Uncle David gave each of the children a pretty picture book before taking leave, and said, as he was stepping into the carriage, "Now, children! I have only one piece of advice to give you all, so attend to me!—never crack nuts with your teeth."

When the carriage had driven off, Mrs. Crabtree became so busy scolding Betty, and storming at Jack, the foot-boy, for not cleaning her shoes well enough, that she left Harry and Laura standing in the passage not knowing exactly what they ought to do first; and Frank, seeing them looking rather melancholy and bewildered at the loss of their grandmother, stopped a moment as he passed on the way to school, and said, in a very kind, affectionate voice:—

"Now, Harry and Laura, listen, both of you!—here is a grand opportunity to show everybody that we can be trusted to ourselves, without getting into any scrapes; so that if grandmamma is ever ill again, and obliged to go away, she need not feel so sad and anxious as she did to-day. I mean to become nine times more attentive to my lessons than usual this morning, to show how trustworthy we are; and if you are wise, pray march straight up to the nursery yourselves. I have arranged a gown and cap of Mrs. Crabtree's on the large arm-chair, to look as like herself as possible, that you may be reminded how soon she will come back; and you must not behave like the mice when the cat is out. Good-by! Say the alphabet backwards, and count your fingers for half an hour; but when Mrs. Crabtree appears again, pray do not jump out of the window for joy."

Harry and Laura were proceeding directly towards the nursery, as Frank had recommended, when unluckily they observed, passing the drawing-room door, that it was wide open; so Harry peeped in, and they began idly wandering round the tables and cabinets. Not ten minutes elapsed before they both commenced racing about as if they were mad, perfectly screaming with joy, and laughing so loudly at their own funny tricks that an old gentleman who lived next door very nearly sent in a message to ask what the joke was.

Presently Harry and Laura ran up and down stairs till the housemaid was quite

fatigued with running after them. They jumped upon the fine damask sofas in the drawing-room, stirred the fire till it was in a blaze, and rushed out on the balcony, upsetting one or two geraniums and a myrtle. They spilt Lady Harriet's perfumes over their handkerchiefs—they looked into all the beautiful books of pictures—they tumbled many of the pretty Dresden china figures on the floor—they wound up the little French clock till it was broken—they made the musical work-box play its tunes, and set the Chinese mandarins a-nodding till they very nearly nodded their heads off. In short, so much mischief has seldom been done in so short a time; till at last, Harry, perfectly worn out with laughing and running, threw himself into a large arm-chair, and Laura, with her ringlets tumbling in frightful confusion over her face, and the beads of her coral necklace rolling on the floor, tossed herself into a sofa beside him.

"Oh! what fun!" cried Harry, in an ecstasy of delight. "I wish Frank had been here, and crowds of little boys and girls, to play with us all day! It would be a good joke, Laura, to write and ask all our little cousins and companions to drink tea here to-morrow evening! Their mammas could never guess we had not leave from grandmamma to invite everybody; so I dare say we might gather quite a large party! oh! how enchanting!"

Laura laughed heartily when she heard this proposal of Harry's; and, without hesitating a moment about it, she joyously placed herself before Lady Harriet's writing-table, and scribbled a multitude of little notes, in large text, to more than twenty young friends, all of whom had at other times been asked by Lady Harriet to spend the evening with her.

Laura felt very much puzzled to know what was usually said in a card of invitation; but, after many consultations, she and Harry thought at last that it was very nicely expressed, for they wrote these words upon a large sheet of paper to each of their friends:—

"Master Harry Graham and Miss Laura wish you to have the honour of drinking tea with us to-morrow, at six o'clock.

(Signed) "HARRY AND LAURA."

Laura afterwards singed a hole in her muslin frock, while lighting one of the Vesta matches to seal these numerous notes; and Harry dropped some burning sealing-wax on his hand, in the hurry of assisting her; but he thought that little accident no matter, and ran away to see if the cards could be sent off immediately.—From "*Holiday House*," by Catherine Sinclair.

(To be continued.)

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

AN ANAGRAMMATICAL AVIARY.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. The Cider, Duke | 26. My pet rose, T. R. L. |
| 2. O, ballroom rite, E. I., | 27. Juba Ley |
| 3. Al word make? | 28. Amy Car? |
| 4. Run on test, | 29. Ma W., see! |
| 5. Trim pagan, | 30. Look, N. bib |
| 6. Was Ray's Co., | 31. Dock stove, |
| 7. Ted Hood, | 32. The cat err? |
| 8. Lone aged leg. | 33. C, we poke rod, |
| 9. Nor Mr. Coat | 34. Here, mow my all, |
| 10. O, ode on glass, | 35. Sober fad—dip air, |
| 11. Ted, govern Lulu, | 36. Ma, get H. pie, |
| 12. Crab, Lena, | 37. Dear R. on best rib |
| 13. Big mink cord, | 38. Torrid bail, |
| 14. Lest he hover, | 39. Her C the tub, |
| 15. N, this rat leg, | 40. Run Dora Ren, |
| 16. Burt owns H. R. H., | 41. Hertin mat, |
| 17. K. Y. Elkhart's, | 42. Lightning heat E., |
| 18. O, yex thee? | 43. Pens and heat log, |
| 19. N. flog Y. car, | 44. I append r-s, |
| 20. Bid Mum H. grin, | 45. O star, Hal's bet, |
| 21. Sow the wall, | 46. How tip hill power? |
| 22. Fresh gin, Ik, | 47. It cheer bird, |
| 23. The use to Tim, | 48. H. E. Tod corn, |
| 24. Rose bag K., | 49. A fed rifle |
| 25. Fold chin, G., | 50. U rock stage. |

—Good Housekeeping.

II.

FORTUNE TELLING.

1. What should a life saver's wife be named?
2. What should a pianist's wife be named?
3. What should an upholsterer's wife be named?
4. What should a doctor's wife be named?
5. What should a fisherman's wife be named?

—Selected.

III.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In love, but not in sorrow.
 In peace, but not in trouble.
 In fear, but not in brave.
 In war, but not in short.
 In year, but not in month.
 In week, but not in day.
 In ten, but not in six.
 In three, but not in four.
 In one, but not in two.

My *whole* will spell the name of a famous Frenchman who was the friend and aid of America.

IV.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the twelve sentences below appear as many words (one in each sentence) which, if found and written one below the other, will spell a form of greeting.

1. The house was destroyed by fire.
2. The air was full of smoke.
3. The pipe was broken.
4. The pig was very large.
5. The year was nearly ended.
6. The barn is near the road.
7. The east wind was a great help in the hot season.
8. The war has been very long.
9. The baby is in the yard.
10. The game is near the end.
11. The arts and crafts store has many pretty things.
12. The rats did great damage.

Answers to puzzles in the December number.

I. ACROSTIC.—

WAVERLEY
SHERIDAN
LEIGHTON
WINTHROP
STRATTON
WORTHING
BERKELEY
LABRADOR

Whittier.

II. HIDDEN DIAMOND.—

F
DON
COREA
DORMANT
FORMATION
NEATEST
ANISE
TOT
N

- III. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Thomas B. Read. 2. John Wolfgang von Goethe. 3. Torquato Tasso. 4. Edgar Allan Poe. 5. John Howard Payne.

IV. PL.—

My Song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will. —*Thackeray.*

V. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.—Christmas.

THE YEARS.

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

Each, turning round a small, sweet face,
As beautiful as near,
Because it is so small a face
We will not see it clear.

And so it turns away from us and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we could give our lives for it,
It never comes again.

—*Miss Mulock.*

PUSSY HELPS.

Nunda.—For some time past a large maltese cat, which appeared to be an outcast, has taken up its abode in the barn on Oscar Willard's premises, which are rented by James Rogers. Mr. Rogers keeps a valuable horse in this barn, and for several weeks he has noticed this large cat was on very friendly terms with the horse. It was a common occurrence when he came to the barn mornings to find the cat perched on the horse's back, sound asleep.

Yesterday morning, Mr. Rogers was awakened at an early hour by a noise on the outside of the door, and upon opening it in came the cat. It would not eat a mouthful of anything, and continually pulled at Mr. Rogers's trousers and kept running toward the door. Its strange actions caused Mr. Rogers to go to the barn, headed by the faithful animal. There he found that his horse had been loose in the barn, and, after doing considerable damage, had fallen and become wedged down, and nearly exhausted by efforts to rise. After the horse had been helped to its feet the cat made one leap and was on the horse's back, purring and acting in every way as if satisfied with its noble deed.—*Rochester Herald.*

Oh, what were life upon these shores of time,
Though we may scale their cliffs to heights sublime,
But that from them we may more broadly see
The boundless ocean of eternity!

And what were death when we must shun
the shore
And tread secure its solid ground no more,
But that we know, ere yet we leave the
strand,
God holds that ocean in his hollowing hand!

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is now 633 Third Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

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Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange will be held on Friday, February 2, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallitt, 37 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

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It is a rule of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

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Editor of "The *Cheerful Letter*," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.